

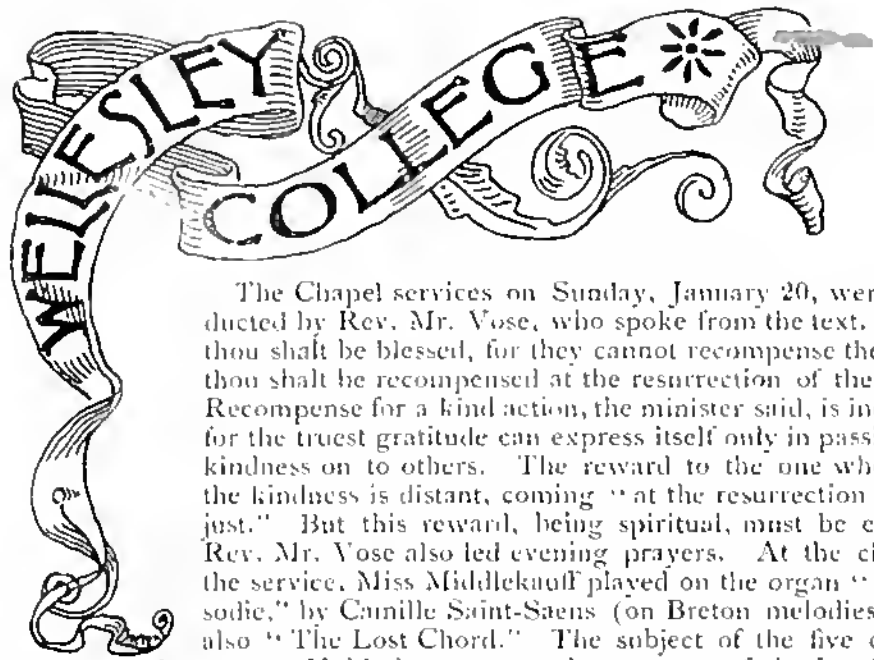
The Current

College Edition.

VOL. I.—No. 19.

WELLESLEY, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1889.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.



The Chapel services on Sunday, January 20, were conducted by Rev. Mr. Vose, who spoke from the text, "And thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." Recompense for a kind action, the minister said, is indirect; for the truest gratitude can express itself only in passing the kindness on to others. The reward to the one who does the kindness is distant, coming "at the resurrection of the just." But this reward, being spiritual, must be eternal. Rev. Mr. Vose also led evening prayers. At the close of the service, Miss Middlekuuff played on the organ "Rhapsodie," by Camille Saint-Saens (on Breton melodies), and also "The Lost Chord." The subject of the five o'clock prayer meeting was, "Hold thy peace at the presence of the Lord God; for the day of the Lord is at hand; for the Lord hath prepared a sacrifice, he hath bid his guests." The section prayer meetings were held in the evening.

Mr. Eastman, the Sioux Indian.

In place of the usual Thursday prayer meeting, Jan. 17, Mr. Eastman, a Sioux Indian, a graduate of Dartmouth College, and now a student at Boston University, gave a brief sketch of his early life.

Little Ohiyesa (the Indian word for winner) was born just before one of the numerous Indian outbreaks, about twenty-five years ago. His mother having died, his grandmother had the care of him. During the outbreak, the family was scattered, and the little boy was taken to British America, where he received the usual Indian education from his grandmother and uncle. All the lessons which he received from his grandmother were drawn from analogy to nature. She taught him three things: First, to be a good man; second, to be a good hunter; and third, to be a great warrior. In order to be a good man, he was to honor, respect and obey those older than himself. She told him many fables about hunters and warriors, and at three or four years of age he was put into his uncle's hands to receive his education in this life and profession. This was a time of many severe ordeals. As Indian attacks are made early in the morning, it was necessary to get up in time. When suddenly awakened, often by a war whoop in his ear, he was obliged to give a responsive whoop, or swing his tomahawk as a sign of his presence of mind, lest he suffer the penalty of being called a "girl and a coward." In summer they never staid more than three or four days in one place; having reached a new encampment, he would be sent half a mile for water after dark, when hostile Indians were on the war path; returning with the water, it was poured out and he was sent a second time. This was to teach him bravery. Pleasanter tasks than these were fishing, hunting, paddling canoes and riding the ponies.

Ohiyesa was the youngest of five children—four brothers and a sister who had married a white man. At the time of the outbreak, his father and brothers surrendered and were imprisoned at Davenport, Ia., where they were converted to Christianity. The exiles supposed them to have been killed, and Ohiyesa was told that, in order to be a good warrior, he must revenge the deaths of his father and brothers. He was taught to consider a white man a monster. Accordingly, when he was about ten years old, he was somewhat bewildered when his uncle informed him that a white man from the United States had come to see him. The "white man" proved to be his father. This was the turning point of his life. He went to the United States where his brothers were living, "all good men with education." His first contacts with civilization were very amusing. The first train he saw was on the Northern Pacific railroad; it caused a stampede of the ponies, which was encouraged actively by Ohiyesa himself.

His father had an Indian Bible and hymn book, and was accustomed to read and pray. The first hymn which Mr. Eastman heard was sung on the bank of a lake where they had camped on their way to the States. He asked what the word "Jesus" meant, and was told it was the name of a very good man, sent from Heaven, the "Man of the Great Spirit." These were the first words of Christianity which he heard.

At first he was very shy of white people, and could only be induced to go to school when he was given two dogs and a sled to carry him back and forth. Finally he was sent to a missionary school in Nebraska under Mr. Riggs. Here he remembered the lesson of obedience which his grandmother had taught him, and it proved his redeeming quality. Although it was drudgery, he persevered, and in two years learned to read and write in the Indian language. Then he thought it time to stop, but his father advised him to learn English, and his ambition being aroused by the jeers of a boy, who told him he was a dunce, he continued working long and hard. He was then sent to Beloit college.

Mr. Eastman closed by saying that the secret of his success was his willingness to receive instruction and *perseverance* and that there is many an Indian who could do as well as he, if only he had the same chance. Certainly, Mr. Eastman is an example which should spur us on to help other Indians gain that chance.

Fagot Party at Waban.

"What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow."

Such words as these, Waban's guests could well repeat last Saturday night, as they sat around the hospitable fireside, where the fagot bundles burned so cheerily. The room showed us, as we entered, an inviting and welcoming aspect, with its soft, red light, comfortable couches, cosy corners and, most attractive of all, the friendly faces. It was evidently the belief of our kind hosts that employment is the best entertainment, for when No. 1 was called, it was a guest who responded, and judging from the exquisite music which fell from her soft touch, it must have given her a little pleasure, as it certainly gave much to her listeners. The selection, too, was one which always affords much delight, for it was "Kannienoi-Ostrow," by Rubenstein. This served to prepare us for the enchantment next to come and, in spite of the warning received beforehand, we felt quite ready to fancy ourselves following Irving through the halls of some haunted English manor, till at last we came to the door with a secret panel, and not until we learned that the secret lay in "This one" and "That," and not in a hidden spring, was the charm broken. A new and wonderful feat in physics was also displayed, even the mathematical mind foiling, though the causes and effects seemed more apparent to the historical calculator. We found that a glass *brimful* of water will also hold 800 pins without losing a drop. If you wish to prove it, we can only advise you to try the experiment for yourselves; it will be well worth the trouble. Nor were

there lacking genial gentlemen, not quite so notable for intellect, perhaps, since, with no malice, we can say their cerebriums were "wooden;" yet to atone for their deficiencies, their cerebellums had developed to a remarkable extent, and with eager eyes but, sad to say, in heartless paroxysms of laughter, we watched them wrestle upon the hearth rug. Once from one dark corner came the plaintive notes of "Marguerite," sung in such a manner as to call forth the plea, "Just one more verse, please," which was granted until the songster's fagots had burned to ashes. We have often heard that self-made instruments are the sweetest and what better piccolo could we ask for than a girl's own whistle? None, indeed, than the one we heard that evening, accompanied with the banjo. One of the most novel features of the evening was given by our guest from the far country, — a dance which is the New Year's greeting to the Emperor of Japan, and has in every movement an indescribable grace. In addition, she told with naive simplicity a Japanese legend suggested by the fagots, though, as she said, "not a fagot story." Not a little did the humble song of the maiden, "who couldn't do anything at a party," contribute to the festivities, and fortunately, because "she couldn't play and she couldn't sing," did she play and sing something which all would have been loth to lose. Again we were plunged into the mysteries of mind reading and mathematical computation, and finally were agitated to a high pitch by a ghost story, which proved, however, to be without a ghost. Words were also read from absent guests which made us wish all the more that they were present. When the room at length was light by the burning of a great bundle of fagots, we obeyed the injunction most heartily, to "On with the feast," and made ourselves merry over the homemade delicacies prepared for us. There was but one fault to find with the evening—that the hour of parting came all too soon.

Professor Niles' Fifth Lecture.

Saturday, January 19, Professor Niles gave the last lecture in the course on "The Relations between the Physical Features of the Earth and its Inhabitants." The special subject was "British India and Holland," these two countries being taken as extreme examples; the one, of the dominion of marked physical features over human life, the other, of man's victory and complete sway over nature.

Turning first to British India, the Professor gave some of the physical reasons for the immense population, one hundred millions, in the Gangetic Valley, while other parts of British India are comparatively sparsely settled. A desert-like plain on the west, the lofty, snowy Himalaya mountains on the north, and the luxuriant tropical fertility of the soil, due to the river itself, and to the rain-bringing southwest winds. The Ganges is the great water highway for the traffic from the west by land and from the east by sea, thus stimulating commercial habits in the people. So we see that the very distribution of the inhabitants, and their habits of life, commercial and agricultural, are almost arbitrarily fixed by nature.

But how strikingly different is Holland! A monotonous plain, no mountains, only a few sand hills; hemmed in by the sea and cut up by rivers. These streams explain the existence of the country itself. In far off geological periods, rich vegetable loam was brought down from the vast forests on the upper portions of these rivers, and Holland was built out towards the sea, even farther than now. In the thirteenth century the land began to sink, and there were great inundations from the rivers and the sea. The Zuyder Zee was formed, inroads were made on every land, many villages were overwhelmed, until it seemed as if nature was determined to blot out Holland from the face of the earth. But Holland was saved by the noble industry of its people, and stands to-day one of the greatest geographical monuments the world has ever seen. But, you ask, how could the people save it? They built dykes against the sea and the rivers. Then for a long distance along the coast they pumped the water back into the ocean. Here we see an instance of their victory over nature. They had no coal mines, no way to make steam power. They had plenty of water, but no water-falls, and so they utilized the winds which swept over the broad plains, and the picturesque wind-mills dotted the landscape. Take one example; in 1810 there was a vast inundation threatening the safety of one of their principal cities. The worthy Dutch burghers met in council; the annals of their meeting were not written up in a volume of "Reports," and tied with red tape; this was all they said, "Thou shalt dry up!" In eight years a substantial dyke was built, in four years more the water was pumped out, and so, in only twelve years, forty-four hundred acres of land were reclaimed, and where had been the haunts of eels and crabs were now eight hundred beautiful farms and happy homes.

Not only have the Hollanders defended their native land from the inroads of the wild North Sea, but they have made these very forces, bound, as it seemed, on their destruction, work for them. Read Motley's "Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic," and "The United Netherlands." Read that wonderful story of the siege of Leyden,—how the iron-hearted Spanish army surrounded this brave little city, the last hope of the people; how they said "We will starve them out"; how the Dutch outside said, "If Leyden falls, our country's hope is gone; we'll turn the North sea against the Spaniards." Then the women took jewels from their hair, and gave all their dearest treasures to help cut the dykes. How the winds, to the consternation of the Dutch, shifted to the east, and their vessels were stranded. The city was in despair, yet bravely sent its royal defiance to the enemy: "Ye call us eaters of cats and dogs, and it is true; yet if we are forced to eat our own left arms, with our right will we defy you!" And now they prayed for an equinoctial gale, until this time their worst of foes. And it came. The sea dashed furiously across the ruined dykes, and slowly the ships sailed up towards the Spanish fortress at midnight in the midst of storm and darkness. There was a fierce naval battle, in which the enemy's vessels were soon sunk. With the break of day the panic-stricken Spaniards fled from the first fortress, and many perished in the waves. Then the fleet neared the last and strongest fort, only a mile from the city. In the words of Motley: "Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the Armada, to Leyden." The next day the Admiral discovered that the Spaniards in town had fled during the night. "Their position would still have enabled them with firmness to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise." Leyden was saved.

As the Professor concluded his eloquent description, he was greeted with a storm of applause, by which his audience tried to show their pleasure and appreciation, and as we rose to go, it was with a feeling of strong regret that this was the last lecture of the course. It is sincerely hoped that it will not be long before we have the privilege of hearing Professor Niles again.

The Norumbega Fund.

With the beginning of the new year, the committee thinks that a statement of the Norumbega Fund is due to all who have contributed to it, and they therefore present the following report:

Amount received up to January 14, 1889, . . . \$2,504 53
Interest on the same, 37 09

Total, \$2,541 62
Of this amount \$1,500 is lent on good security at six per cent. and

the remainder is drawing interest at two and one-half per cent. The additional amount already pledged, with that which it is hoped will be raised by plans now formed, will probably increase the sum to \$3,000. The trustees have pledged for \$3,000 in addition to this, and this leaves \$8,000 yet to be secured. This may seem a large amount in comparison with what has been done thus far, but it only requires that each Alumna shall be responsible for \$20. Many who have already given liberally both of time and money stand ready to give the additional help, if only this appeal meets with the hearty support which we trust it may. We recognize that the Alumnae, widely scattered as they are, have many and various claims upon them, but we must all feel an interest in carrying out this work which we ourselves have undertaken in behalf of our Alma Mater and which we have supported by a second vote. If we cannot individually contribute this sum, can we not secure it from friends, or by the means which were most successful in filling our treasury last year, by entertainments or other business schemes? The committee has tried to secure sub-committees for such work in places where several of our members reside, but we know that there must be other Alumnae, especially in the smaller towns and villages, who will be able and glad to arrange some entertainment which would bring in at least a small sum. Will not all such aid us in this way without waiting for a formal request, and shall we not each and all feel an individual responsibility in the matter and employ every possible means to obtain the desired sum before next June?

For the committee,

ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, Treasurer.

Missionary Notes.

King Mnauga of Uganda, Africa, who has from time to time perpetrated most atrocious barbarities on his own subjects and the missionaries, has been deposed by his body guards, and his brother Kiwewa made king. One of Kiwewa's first acts was to appoint Christians to office, and this enraged the Arabs, who have burned several missionary stations, killed many converts, and now openly threaten the extinction of all missionary stations and the restoration of Mohammedanism.

The present year is the centennial anniversary of the birth of Adoniram Judson, the first American foreign missionary, the pioneer of Christianity in Burmah, and the translator of the entire Bible into Burmese. His son, Rev. Edward Judson, is asking for subscriptions for the erection of a memorial church.

Reading for the Monroe Fund.

On the evening of February 4th, there will be given in the College Chapel a reading for the benefit of the Monroe Fund. Mrs. Ewing Winslow will be the elocutionist. We shall also have the pleasure of hearing the fine singers, Mrs. G. W. Galvin and Mr. Gardner S. Lamson. The entertainment will commence at 7.30 p. m. Tickets 50 cents.

College Notes.

Mid-year examinations began on Saturday last and will continue through next Wednesday.

THE COURANT invites all friends to enjoy the reading of its exchanges, which may be found henceforth upon a table provided for the purpose, in the South Centre, second floor.

Students are reminded of the elective course in Bibliography, which begins with the second semester, February 1. The study will prove of special value to anyone intending to teach, or to enter upon literary work of any kind hereafter. The course requires attendance upon one lecture a week, and outside work to the extent of two periods each week; the course is practical in its nature, will be more comprehensive than last year, and through it the student can acquire a familiarity with reference works and bibliographical aids, that, without the assistance of lectures and personal guidance, it would require years of attendance at our best libraries to accomplish. Any further information desired can be obtained by calling at the Library office, between 9 and 12 a. m. from January 25 to 29. For the commencement of lectures, see "Calendar," pages 49, 50.

A full, elective course in the study of Chaucer opens with the second semester. Candidates for this course should provide themselves promptly with the Prologue, Clarendon Press Series, and later on with the Riverside edition of Chaucer's poems.

Prof. and Mrs. Palmer are pausing now in their pilgrimage where Venice "sits in state, throned on her hundred isles." They said *Auf wiedersehen* to Miss Conan in Germany, but anticipate the speedy arrival in Venice of Miss Whiting and her party.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant, who has recently been elected to the London school board, is lecturing in England, on "Three Months in America."

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in Chapel Hall next Sunday afternoon at half-past three.

The number of volumes in a library is but one factor of its value; still it is interesting to know the comparative sizes of the libraries accumulated by the principal colleges of the United States. In the following list compiled by the *Mail and Express*, the figures refer to the number of bound volumes:

University of Va.	40,000	Harvard	365,000
Vanderbilt	15,000	Yale	200,000
Lehigh	67,000	Warthmore	20,000
Hamilton	25,000	Iowadown	48,000
University of South Carolina	50,000	Dickinson	33,000
Boston Universi	7,700	Syracuse	75,000
Brown	66,000	Madison	18,000
Colby	21,734	Cornell	150,000
University of Vermont	36,000	Union	36,000
University of California	38,000	Columbia	90,000
College City, N. Y.	25,000	Dartmouth	68,500
Ohio University	8,000	Tufts	25,000
Williams	25,500	Pennsylvania	21,500
Rutgers	30,000	Allegheny	12,500
Maryville	10,000	Lafayette	22,000
Roanoke	16,000	Seawee	30,000
Wooster	12,000	Wesleyan	35,000
University North Carolina	25,000	Oberlin	18,500
Sates	14,325	Hobart	21,750
Bucknell	10,000	Mount Union	16,000
University of Toronto	30,000	Vassar	16,000
University of Nashville	15,000	Wellesley	40,000
Princeton	65,000	Rochester	23,000
Adelbert	22,800	University of Tennessee	6,900

Four years ago a certain student living at Stone Hall might have been seen carrying a tin pail in her daily walk to and from the College. In this pail was water drawn from the sparkling fount which issues in the Domestic Hall of the Main Building; for this young woman had an idea that the Stone Hall water was not all it should be, or, rather, was more than it should be. Since then many chemists have examined the water, the majority pronouncing it good. One, however, said he could not recommend all the minerals found in it, and another declared it unfit to drink. Wherever the student of the tin pail may be, we hope that she will hear the news that, during the recent vacation, Stone Hall formed connection with the village water works, and that when she comes back to visit her old home, it will not be necessary to bring the tin pail.

College Societies.

SARAH WOODMAN PAUL, '81

In a recent number of the Century may be found an article which deals chiefly with secret societies, limiting its investigations to colleges exclusively for men. So far as I have been able to ascertain there are no secret societies in the colleges for women, but the allied subject of societies, literary or social in their aim, is one of perhaps as much interest to us here.

As usual in such discussions the three better known colleges, Vassar, Smith and Wellesley, have been considered. Vassar is especially rich in such helps towards ease in extemporaneous speaking and the attainment of that "culture" for which the heart of the college girl yearns.

The Philalethian Society established in 1865, is literary and dramatic in its aim. It is divided for working purposes into three chapters, Alpha, Beta, and Delta; the members are elected by ballot and must pay an initiation fee. The "Qui Vive" (1882) and the "T and M" (1883) are debating societies for seniors and juniors, the topics of the time furnishing subjects for discussion. In addition to these are the Shakespeare and Dickens clubs, each with twenty members elected by ballot, and other clubs devoted respectively to Music, Art and Microscopical work. There is also a large Christian association following the usual line of work.

In Smith college the favorite society is the "Alpha," founded in '78, whose work is of an essentially literary character. The number of members is limited to fifty and they must be chosen from the three upper classes. The requisites for admission are good scholarship and some literary ability. Each candidate must have the approval of the faculty before her name can be voted upon. The society meets once in three weeks. A paper to which the members have contributed is read and the rest of the program is varied. There are two scientific societies: the "Biological," started in '84, limited to twenty-five and under the charge of the Professor of Biology, and the "Colloquium," '85 or '86, open to members of the senior and junior classes who have elective Chemistry or Physics, their work being directed by the Professor. There are some other clubs connected with the different houses and devoted to the study of favorite authors or to dramatic entertainment.

For the reader of the Courant it is only necessary to name the existing societies in Wellesley. The "Shakespeare," the "Microscopical," the "Beethoven," and the "Christian Association," the work of each to some extent guided by a member of the Faculty. There are also clubs, some devoted to the study of an author, Browning or Dickens; some to subjects from Physics to Metaphysics. Perhaps these hardly deserve mention under our subject for they are for the most part without organization and are the result of natural selection, congenial spirits uniting to study a favorite author or subject.

It may not be known to all that in the earlier years of the College, there were two literary societies, the "Phi Sigma," and the "Zeta Alpha." These were formed in 1876, at the request of the President of the College, by members of the classes of '79 and '80. Their constitutions were approved by the Faculty, who also reserved the right to call for the program of any meeting—a right never exercised. The membership was limited to thirty, selected from the three upper classes. The name of each candidate was proposed by a committee who had charge of that part of the business, and was voted upon by the society, a unanimous vote being required for admittance.

These were essentially literary societies. The meetings were held monthly and were varied in character. Papers on subjects of especial interest, stories, readings, addresses on topics of the times, quotation matches, illustrated ballads and music, all formed prominent features of our meetings. The most popular, however, and perhaps the most helpful of all was the oral debate. The subject was generally announced at the previous meeting and two or four were appointed to lead the debate. After these had spoken, an opportunity for general discussion was given and there was seldom any lack of speakers. The leaders usually closed the debate and votes on the merits both of the question and of the arguments were sometimes taken.

In 1881 the societies were abolished by a vote of the Faculty; more written work had been required than at first and too heavy a burden fell on girls who belonged to one of these literary societies, perhaps to one or two of the others, and at the same time were prominent in class work. There was a strong feeling of pressure and a necessity, acknowledged by all, that in some way the strain should be lightened. Still the societies were greatly regretted by their members and especially by those who felt that the training received in them had largely increased their facility of expression, in the class room, at the alumnae meetings, and on every occasion where the college woman should speak her mind rather than read her paper, and that they had added brightness, "sweetness and light" to the years of college life.

"The Proverbial Common Sense (Shoes) of the Wellesley Girl."
"The Freshmen want to know."

Was there ever a more delicious bit of sarcasm? No wonder "the Freshmen want to know" and though this ignorance, and indeed that of the three upper classes as well, has been too apparent to need such public avowal, the frankly expressed desire to learn is most commendable.

Doubtless, all in good time, the whole college will arouse itself and call the luckless reporter to account for base libel. We all know the unfortunate man has touched upon a branch of knowledge not in the curriculum, and possessed only by the few who are born with it, and it is not pleasant to have our ignorance and poverty thrown squarely in our faces.

It is said that the "common" sense among women is "non" sense. Of course there is not a grain of truth in the assertion, nor for a moment do we think the reporter intended to insinuate anything of the kind, but it is annoying to be obliged to admit the general acceptance of that interpretation. As for "proverbial" it sounds rather well, independent of its applicability, and probably the poor man could think of no other word at the moment.

Do you really want me to tell you what the "common" sense shoes of the Wellesley girls are? After pinching the tips of several hundred of their boots, it is comparatively easy to give a fair estimate of the number of kinks in each incased toe. Buttoned boots are more popular than laced, and unbuttoned than buttoned. (A wholesome but disagreeable truth; may it soon be a lie!) Possibly there may be extant a theory that the toes grow from the ankle and may be relieved sidewise as well as lengthwise, the gaps being valuable inducers of sleep. Moreover one is more than justified in "running down" the belief.

The "hurrying trend" of said boot gives one an altogether false idea of the mad rush in doors, and the funeral, blood-freezing face when out of doors for—what shall we call it? It is certainly not *hastily* exercise, it may be mental, as one often hears in passing a mumbling of French verbs or a German poem.

The average girl comes pitching along like a ship in a rough sea with the tournure as a sympathetic but inefficient rudder and stray locks of hair flying like pennons.

She starts on her four years voyage, unfamiliar with the course to be sailed. She races with ships larger and stronger than herself, not governing her speed to the size of her boiler, and cracks and groans in the contest. The exterior may be bright, but some of the timbers are unsound and the unloiled machinery and poorly attended furnace are soon out of order. The fuel is wet and the steam just out. She is heavily loaded and twice a year is sure to meet a terrific hurricane. With sails poorly set she creeps along narrowly escaping shipwreck on hidden rocks, and puts in for repairs at the end of the voyage, when she discovers she has a tremendous bill to pay.

Of what use is a cargo if it cannot be brought undamaged into port? And how can you sail without the compass of good judgment and the ballast of self-control? You are driven from the rocks of one shore to the sands of another, and with cannon and rockets you signal your fellow travellers to tow you along because you cannot guide your own boat.

Do we not need a Department of Navigation?

ONE WHO THINKS SO.

A Bird Calendar.

A. C. CHAPIN.

JANUARY.

There is not one utterly bird-forsaken month in the whole calendar. The list for January is short, but sweet. Others may make a longer list, my own stands: Chickadee, Brown Creeper, Black Snow-bird, White-billed Nuthatch, Blue Jay. Of the crow we hardly need to speak, as he is likely to have quite enough to say for himself.

"Black" seems a slight misnomer for the snow-bird, known to science as *Junco hiemalis*; for he is slaty gray, very dark on the head, in the midst of which his ivory-white bill shows prominently. Underneath he is white, and at each side of his tail wears two white feathers, of which he is

apparently extremely proud. This "showing the white feather" must have a very different meaning among the birds from the cowardly one known among us. Perhaps it is a mark of distinction, for all that have it, so far as I know, are fond of displaying it by sundry flirts and swift, fan-like spreading and closing of the tail feathers.

Do you hear a little z-ing sound like an insect? It is probably a brown creeper, but he is slightly difficult to observe, for he understands playing "hide and seek," and manages to keep just out of sight on the opposite side of the trunk of the tree. He is a tiny creature and it is the least of his troubles whether his head is up or down as he winds quickly round and round trunk and limb in search of his dainty atom of food. Speaking of the somewhat puzzling question of food for our winter birds, John Burroughs says: "Birds live on highly concentrated food—the fine seeds of weeds and grasses, and the eggs and larvae of insects. Such food must be very stimulating and heating. Think what virtue there must be in an ounce of gnats or mosquitoes, or in the fine mysterious food the chickadee and brown creeper gather in the winter woods. It is doubtful if these birds ever freeze when fuel enough can be had to keep their little furnaces going."

Quank, quank, says a little ventriloquist; for the nuthatch, like many other birds, seems to be farther off than he really is. He has a pertly-set head, and is as indifferent to its position as is the creeper. His coloring is delicate and pretty, much white and soft gray shading into pale blue, with a glossy black crown and nape.

The blue jay may well have furnished the inspiration for the proverb, "fine feathers do not make a fine bird." He ought to learn of Carlyle that "silence is golden," or, like the children of the olden time, that he should be seen and not heard. Olive Thorne Miller characterizes him well by saying, "the blue jay came out of the egg with his mind made up." Every movement suggests decision and snap. The squirrel could never taunt the jay, as he did the mountain, with his inability to crack a nut. He places one foot firmly upon it and concentrates all his strength of will and beak in a few sharp blows.

Of all these stout hearts which dare to look stern winter in the face, the stoutest and cheeriest is the chickadee, or black-capped titmouse.

Homer says that when Athena wished to prepare Menelaus to meet Hector in hand-to-hand fight, she gave him the courage of a fly. Perhaps he never knew a chickadee.

They fly in companies and specially frequent cone-bearing trees, for the sake of the seed in the cones. I once saw a chickadee dart recklessly into the air, fly-catcher fashion, after one of those beautifully-winged seeds, but he lost it, for quick and agile as he is, he has not the power of staying suspended on his wings.

At least one of the poets appreciated this dauntless little hero and felt him to be a kindred spirit. It was Emerson, the gentle philosopher. His poem on the titmouse is too long a tail for so tiny a kite; still it is so truly sympathetic that one cannot really find fault with it. He tells us he was "wading in the snow-choked wood,"

"When piped a tiny voice hard by.

Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,

Chic-chica-dee-dee! saucy note

Out of sound heart and merry throat,

As if it said, 'Good day, good sir!

Fine afternoon, old passenger!

Happy to meet you in these places.

Where January brings few faces.'

This poet, though he lived apart,

Moved by his hospitable heart,

Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,

To do the honors of his court,

As fits a feathered lord of land;

Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,

Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,

Prints his small impress on the snow,

Shows feats of his gymnastic play,

Head downward, clinging to the spray.

Here was this atom in full breath,

Hurling defiance at vast death;

This scrap of valor just for play,

Fronts the north wind in waistcoat gray,

As if to shame my weak behavior;

I greeted loud my little savior.

'You pet! what dost thou here and what for?

In these woods, thy small Labrador,

At this pinch, wee San Salvador!

What fire burns in that little chest

So frolic, stout and self-possessed?

Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine:

Ashes and jet all hues outshine.'

The Providence that is most large

Takes hearts like thine in special charge,

Helps who for their own need are strong,

And the sky doats on cheerful song.

Henceforth I prize thy wiry chant

O'er all that mass and muster vaunt;

For men mis-hear thy call in spring,

As 'twould accost some frivolous wing,

Crying out of the hazel copse, *Phe-be!*

And in winter, *chic-a-dee-dee!*"

This, which the poet notices as especially a spring note, "Phe-be," can be heard at almost any time. I have heard it more or less ever since September. It is quite readily distinguished from the note of the Peewee or Phoebe-bird which is very abundant by April. The latter is firm and insistent, with a strong accent generally, but not always, on the first syllable, the musical interval being a major third or fifth, and often ending with a tremulous "*pee hee*," while the chickadee is a minor third with no accent and no trill, very high and clear. But there is perhaps nothing in the world which so defies and eludes description as a bird's song. You must hear it for yourself.

At Furness Abbey.

JOSEPHINE A. CASS, '80.

I.

Clear sang the morning birds in coverts green

About the ruined abbey dark and old,

As if some wondrous vision, newly seen,

Must be at once sung forth or left untold;

II.

While on the loftiest tower's summit high,

The clustering harebells hung and mocked at fear,

Like merry children, and the brightening sky

Lit up the crumbling casements far and near.

III.

So round the silent altars of our souls

Whereat no more we kneel in fervent prayer,

Wherethro' no chant of glad Te Deum rolls,

Voices, unheard before, forbid despair.

IV.

Small common joys, the quiet fireside talk,

Care-soothing music, noble poesy,

Flowers, the full moon, the hills, the sunset walk—

Ingrates alone reject such ministry.

THE WORKING GIRLS OF BOSTON.

MARY ASHBY WINSTON, '89.

It is true, as has been so often said, that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. To apply this general truth to a specific case, the college girl of Wellesley has no conception of the life a working girl of Boston has to lead. Yet Wellesley is very near to Boston and surely the cause of all suffering, struggling women is very near to the hearts of all Wellesley girls. So the writer, who has had occasion to make a study of the subject, believes that in presenting this paper, she will be laying the case before a thoughtful and sympathetic tribunal.

Some years ago Mr. Carroll D. Wright was placed at the head of the Labor Bureau of this State. This gentleman caused the condition of the working girls of Boston to be thoroughly investigated. It is from his pamphlet that the writer draws her statistics and states them here to show the very interesting facts they reveal. The word "Statistics" is a great

bugbear to many modern young women. One can almost see the elevation of eyebrow and shrug of shoulders that the word will cause among our fair readers. Young women, will you compel us to remind you that facts are facts? We do not want to lay the emphasis of a Mr. Gradgrind upon them, but we must maintain that no adequate theory, no safe conclusion can ever be drawn from any other source than hard facts—statistics, if you like. Do not turn away, then, in impatience and displeasure because a few figures must be quoted as a foundation for the remarks about to be made.

We have all been accustomed to regard the city of Boston as an intellectual center—in popular phrase, as the Athens of America. We need to be reminded occasionally that Boston is also a great manufacturing and commercial center, that the Hub is in reality a wonderful machine which turns out annually \$150,000,000 worth of goods. We must disabuse our minds of the idea that the majority of Bostonians spend their time upon Parnassus hill, feasting with the Muses on poetry and philosophy. The Tenth Census of the United States, taken in 1880, showed the population of Boston to be 362,839. Of this number 149,194 are engaged in occupations; 110,313 working men and 38,881 working women are required to keep that above-mentioned Hub turning and turning, until it turns out \$150,000,000 worth of goods annually. From those 38,881 women engaged in all occupations, we exclude those who are domestic servants and then we find that the body of so-called working girls of Boston numbers 20,000 women. It was neither possible nor necessary for the Labor Bureau to investigate the personal history of every one of these 20,000 women involved. For all scientific purposes, accurate knowledge, with regard to the condition of 1000 of that number, would sufficiently represent the state of the whole.

Of the 1032 women, then, whose entire personal history was examined with the minutest care, we find that 83 are engaged in what is called personal service, that is, they are carpet sewers, telegraph operators, restaurant employees, etc.; that 123 are engaged in trade, that is, they are bookkeepers, cashiers, clerks, saleswomen, etc.; and finally that 826 are employed in manufacture.

Let us consider next the social conditions of their lives. The Labor Bureau tells us that 709 of the 1032 live at home and only 323 are condemned to a boarding-house existence, for which God be thanked. Again, 85 per cent of them do their own housework and sewing, in addition to working for their employers. The single women constitute 88.9 per cent of the whole and the average age of the working girls is 24.81 years. The purely American girls are only 22.3 per cent of the whole. As to their physical condition, we have a fair record. Statistics show us that 76.2 per cent of the 1032 are in good health at present and that they have been so during 74.4 per cent of the whole time they have been at work. The percentages, however, should be higher for young women in the very prime of life, at 25 years, as most of these working girls are. It is safe to add that they would be higher, did the conditions of these women's lives allow it.

But we must not forget that we are interested in the working girls as employees also. We see that the average age at which they began to work was 16.81 years and that the average number of occupations followed since then by each is 1.78; furthermore that 84.3 per cent of the whole time they have been at work, they have been employed in Boston. Your especial attention is called to all these figures as they are very significant indeed. Another aspect of this part of the subject is discouraging. Only 22 per cent of the number investigated are allowed vacations and but 3.9 per cent receive any pay at all during their vacations. On the contrary, we are told that 73 per cent of these women are thrown entirely out of employment on an average of three months out of the year. This means that, for three months in the year, these working girls are uncertain of even the bare necessities of life. It is no restful vacation, but a period of consuming anxiety and disastrous want. This loss of time is occasioned for the working girl in all cases by dull season, repairing of machinery or illness of herself or family.

The working girl appears before us in the character of a laborer drawing wages. Let us next look at her economic condition. It is a very poor one, my friends. The average weekly earnings or wages of the Boston working girl for a whole year are \$4.91—her average weekly income, from all sources, regular earnings, extra work and assistance from others, is \$5.17 for the year. To put it otherwise, her average yearly income from all sources is \$269.07. Listen yet a moment before you exclaim in surprise. The average weekly expenditure of these working girls is \$5.02 for positive needs. That makes an average yearly expenditure of \$261.30. You are desired to ponder upon the margin for other expenses which these figures leave—a margin of 14½ cents per week or of \$7.77 per year. Yet, strange to say, although only 120 women out of 1032 are able to lay by any money during the year, on the other hand but 30 of them run into debt at all. Can you get a picture, an adequate picture of the remaining 1000 women living on from year to year upon those wages, at that cost of expenditure and with that margin to fall back on in case of need, yet managing somehow to eke out an honest livelihood and keep out of debt?

We have studied the working girl numerically in our statistics. Now let us clothe the bare skeleton frame with flesh and blood; let us summon up before us the average Boston working girl and see what she is like. She will be a factory girl. You know that is what our 826 out of 1032 meant. She will be a single woman of about 25 years of age, very little older than the average college girl whom Alma Mater sends forth to do her work in the world. She would tell you that she began to work when she was about 17 years old and that she went to it, fresh from the Grammar school. She will add that since that time she has not changed occupations more than twice and has never left Boston for employment. Whence you will perceive that the Boston working girl is in reality a Boston girl and has always been one; that she is a steady worker in one occupation and in one place. Her parents will be Irish, Swedish or German, for the daughters of our foreign-born citizens furnish the female labor element in Boston, as in many other cities. She herself, however, you may be sure, is American, and neither Irish, Swedish nor German. The public schools have nationalized her. But the best and most hopeful fact about her condition I have not yet mentioned. Our Boston working girl is a home girl. She lives with her parents, as the number 709 among 1032 testifies. More than this, you will find that she is kept at home much out of regular working hours at the factory. She does the housework and sewing for the family in addition to her daily employment. Could there be any stronger evidence of the essentially "home character" of the Boston working girls? In spite of the grinding toil, anxiety and care of her life, the working girl is a fairly strong and healthy woman. When we consider the hardships of her existence, however, we cannot fail to marvel that the record is as good as it is. This woman stands up at her work for ten hours in the day in an over-crowded, ill-ventilated work-room. She comes home at night and has to mount perhaps five flights of stairs to an unhealthy set of lodgings in a tenement house without an elevator, without adequate heating or ventilation. Her food is neither of the best quality nor cooking. A heavy portion of the family tasks falls on her tired shoulders after her long day's work. Yet what a miserable livelihood she manages to eke out after all this constant labor! She has but 14 1-2 cents left at the end of the week after her bare needs are supplied—only 14 1-2 cents, to pay possible doctor's bills, to buy books, to pay for any amusements she may desire, to furnish any of the amenities and betterments of life which our civilization demands almost as necessities. Moreover there are fully three months in the year when she is entirely out of employment for various reasons and no one can tell how the working girl manages to live at all through this trying period of lost time. It is at such pauses, so full of want and despair, that some of the unfortunate sisterhood succumb to temptation and sell themselves to an evil life. But when we remember their hardships, we feel that God alone can judge or blame them.

But on the whole, the average Boston working girl is an honest, virtuous and industrious woman. She makes a heroic struggle for existence against many obstacles and keeps herself pure in the face of many peculiar temptations. And perhaps, my friends, when your minds seek an image of courage, endurance and patience, you will not think of the old legends of the saint-woman or of the stories of romance and chivalry. You will see instead before you the prosaic, homely figure of a working girl trudging the streets to her daily work. You will think this woman has dragons of want, weariness and temptation to fight that we know nothing of and she has no such weapons to fight them with, as have been given to us. The right kind of sentiment is not that which creates and peoples an unreal world of the imagination for the soul to live in. The right kind of sentiment dignifies and ennobles our common life and seeks for whatever is brave and pure and good in it.

There are only two ways, that I can suggest, to palliate or remedy the evils of the working girl's lot. You see what unrestricted free competition does for the working girl. The first remedy to be proposed is one that shall somewhat break the force of this crushing competition. It is organization and union among the women themselves—an organization

by which they shall prevent women from underselling their labor in the market. The other remedy is a simpler one and one that need not be delayed. It is for those whose paths lie in pleasant places to give these less fortunate sisters the benefit of their friendship and counsel, and to bring into the working girl's sordid existence some of the beauty and hopefulness and strength of their own sunny and sheltered lives.

Twilight On The Hills.

ANNA ROBERTSON BROWN, '83.

Warm and still as if in dreaming Lies the valley, green and low; Trailing clouds above are gleaming In the sunset afterglow.	And a strangely solemn gladness Steals across us from the steep, Full of awe, and touched with sadness, Longings infinite and deep.
Changing, shifting and dissolving, Paling in the purple west, Man from toil and care dissolving, See, they fold the world to rest.	Not as when on cloud-capped Sinai Lurid lightnings lit the gloom; But as when the fair Shechinah Filled the aloe-scented room.
Clustered close, the Pleiads seven Scale the sky with shining feet; And the young moon smiles in heaven, Most compassionately sweet.	Such mute moods of nature win us To the holy calm of prayer; And the yearning spirit in us, Cleansed of its dark despair.
But along the dim horizon Dimpled by the upland swell, There a fading flush still lies on Hill and vale and shadowed dell.	Rises far above terrestrial Mould and soul-corroding care, And on wings of hope celestial Breathes a finer, freer air.
Never yet in song or story, Though with color richly dight, Has the poet caught the glory Of that amethystine light,	Heaven seems so close above us, Earthly clamors softly cease; In our hearts a gentle love is, Silence deep, and utter peace.
Shades too rare for pen of mortals, Tints of many a precious gem, Like the stones beneath the portals Of the new Jerusalem.	What are we, that we should sigh at Aught that mars our joy today? All unrest is hushed in quiet, Clamant passion dies away;
For in opalescent splendor On the smit slopes are set Hues of jacinth, pure and tender, Chrysoprase and violet.	And our souls, so long by labor, Sin and sore temptation tried, Seem to stand at last on Tabor, Radiant and glorified!

—The Presbyterian Journal '85.

FOUR MOONS ABROAD.

Leipsic and Dresden.

CARRIE L. HARTWELL, '86-'88.

Our visit to Leipsic was filled with flowers. Roses accompanied the warm welcome with which we were greeted and the regret of departure was sweetened by their perfume. It was here that we made our debut into German society and got a glimpse of the home life. The week was a delightful change from our usual round—from art galleries and museums to cathedrals, racking our brains trying to remember the history of the period and of the ancient objects before us. Miss Denio had impatiently anticipated this visit to her beloved University town, the professors so kind to her and the open-hearted, sincere Germans to whom she is ardently devoted. The most interesting thing during the ride from Berlin, was a glimpse of the home of Martin Luther at Wittenburg, and the old church whose front door he used as his bulletin board. On our arrival at noon two friends stood waiting to greet us with flowers, and the round of pleasures began immediately. First on our program was a visit to a celebrated surgeon, where we amused ourselves while awaiting his arrival by viewing the family portraits on the wall; that of the handsome Baron Liebig of the "Extract of Beef" fame interesting us the most. On our way to make another call on a dear German lady, Miss Denio stopped to talk with a little, white-haired old man, wearing an old fashioned white stock around the neck, and introduced him as Professor Delitzsen. When we heard that he was the greatest living Hebrew scholar, we were filled with chagrin to think that we had not been more impressed by his appearance.

By four o'clock we found ourselves in the midst of a birthday coffee party. Now in Germany the ladies are very proud of their birthdays, and these, like Christmas, are carefully and lovingly remembered by all one's friends. A very pretty custom it is, but hard on one's age if kept up so religiously every year. We had always supposed the French to be the demonstrative people, but it did the heart good to witness the effusive, yet genuine affection with which Miss Denio was received by these old friends at this little coffee circle. Very fortunately two of the ladies spoke English, thus putting the uninitiated at once at ease, and they ushered us into a cosy room where two tables were set with fine blue and white linen and china. At one side stood another filled with numerous gifts, bouquets and notes of congratulation. Now and then the conversation would be interrupted by a neighbor or a little child peeping in at the door to wish Fräulein many happy returns of the day. We were first served to coffee and cake and not having had time for a square meal since morning, our appetites were keen, to say the least. Our cups of fragrant coffee soon disappeared, but what was our dismay to discover that one cup of coffee was supposed to last about an hour, if growing cold while you are waxing hot in a German conversation. But being ignorant of German etiquette and not being fluent linguists, we began to find it tedious watching and waiting for the next course. One of our party, who possessed the enormous vocabulary of two words, had recklessly informed the aged aunt of our hostess that their garden was "sehr schön," so delighting the old lady that she immediately launched forth into a perfect volley of German, completely overwhelming our friend, so that even she subsided into silence. More coffee was however soon brought us furnished ones and this time we did our best to regulate the spoonfuls to so many smiles, sprinkled in promiscuously (as that we knew how to do "in German") with an equal number of English phrases. The second course consisted of the German "torte," or cake garnished with layers of candied fruits, which was so delicious that we regretted that it could not be found in our own country. With it, was served some kind of a fruit wine, flavored with floating strawberries, while ices and fruits followed in order. The second coffee party we attended was similar to this one, and we found them exceedingly delightful in their gay informality and simplicity.

One morning while walking the quaint old streets of Leipsic, we passed the mediaeval town hall with its gabled roof and diamond-paned windows, protected by heavy iron-barred cages. Suddenly Miss Denio disappeared in a narrow, low door, indiscernible to a stranger. Following her, after our usual custom, we found ourselves descending a small, steep stairway leading into a low, dimly lighted, vaulted room, where waiters, bottles and odors of tempting dishes pervaded the premises. After a word with the "Kellner," we were escorted down another old and mysterious flight of stairs; bending our heads with fear and trembling to escape the rafters, we finally reached a pitch-dark room, and on the production of a light, we recognized an ancient wine cellar, gradually discerning several heavy oaken tables and chairs, and at one end a huge carved cask. We then learned that this was the favorite resort of Goethe, when a student at the University. Above the wainscoting on the walls is a series of frescoes representing scenes from the old legend of Faust; the vaulting is also covered with paintings on the same subject. Yes, we were in "Auerbach's Keller," where Goethe laid his scene of Mephistophel's meeting with the student. We began to feel that it was a more skittish place than ever and could almost see Mephisto sitting on one of the tables, magically drawing wine from its heavy wooden top. The very trap-doors grew more frightful, and the mysterious dark corners, panels and historical beer mugs of unique shapes and sizes resting on the shelves, all became animated. The air seemed to smell of sulphur, so vividly did the scene grow upon us; and before the trap-doors should open under our feet and the "Man in Red" appear to claim us, we rushed to the rickety, narrow stairway and made our escape to the street and to pure, fresh air. We never dared to turn our heads to see if Mephistophel was chasing us, riding out of the cellar astride the famous keg.

Leipsic is a pretty city with its gardens and parks, one of which encircles the centre of the town, giving a spacious, airy, appearance, together with its handsome new art museum, theatre and Gewandhaus. This concert hall, said to be the finest in Europe, besides being magnificent, has one feature which should be introduced in America. On the lower floor are rows of handsome racks, each with numbers corresponding to seats in the hall. On entering, you remove your wraps, leaving them (in "charge of the custodian, small fee") on the hook corresponding to your seat in the audience room above. The foyer and the handsome marble stairway seem to me to rank next in beauty to those in the Grand Opera, Paris; and

the spacious interior of the concert room is tastefully and elegantly decorated in rich and harmonious colors. Altogether, Leipsic was charming; untoward experiences with the German language being our only trials. One day, having summoned a landress, my sister was hurriedly hunting in "Baedeker" for "A Conversation with the Washwoman," and just as she had found one suitable, to her despair a *man* appeared in the doorway. She nervously and blushing told him, in some kind of language, that it was a *washwoman* she wanted, not a *man*. For as all her articles were feminine, she could not switch the genders around quickly enough to talk to him.

One of our most delightful remembrances is of an evening at our hotel, when we entertained several of the friends who had been so cordial to us. Some of our accomplished P. G. members could speak a little German, and some of our guests English; so with the aid of Miss Denio, who often came laughingly to the rescue as interpreter, we managed to have the jolliest time imaginable. A tall, handsome young Herr Doctor, after greeting each one of us with a military bow and an "Oh! how did you do?" was taken in hand and wickedly taught some American slang, which he and the jovial college bookseller employed so innocently afterwards that they brought down roars of laughter from the whole party upon their "tops" as Herr V—— called their heads. Our "German Girls" took turns taking to one guest, to whom English was a sealed volume, repeating their sentences until he knew the "Anschauungs Unterricht" by heart. When they had become exhausted, one of the "Honolulu" was requested to tell Herr T—— something; she immediately looked cheerful on being given a topic for conversation, but only for a moment. "No," said she, after a minute's reflection, "that would require the use of the *subjunctive*, third person, plural; and I always draw the line at subjunctives."

On the day of our departure for the shrine of the Sistine Madonna, we were surprised to find several of these kind friends at the station with flowers for Miss Denio and a lovely little bouquet for each one of the "Zwölf Damen." As we rode away, watching the white handkerchiefs gaily waving us good-bye, we could not help wishing that all people were as genuine, frank and open-hearted as these good Germans had been.

Early the next morning we started off impatiently to see the object of our pilgrimage to this northern Florence. During the reign of Augustus the Strong, through the foundation of the Zwinger and the invention of porcelain by Böttger, Dresden first began to occupy a prominent position as a cradle of art. The picture gallery now ranks with the Louvre, Pitti and Uffizi; every canvas on its walls is a gem. But we hurriedly walked through the galleries until we reached the quiet, darkened room where that masterpiece of Raphael's, the "Sistine Madonna" is placed. We entered; we gazed in rapt admiration at the mysterious vision of the holy scene; at the half prophetic eyes of the Virgin, which seem to penetrate into one's very soul. Men stand with hats removed, and not a sound is to be heard in this silent room which is always filled with ardent worshippers. The power and beauty of this spirituelle revelation cannot be described, but must be seen and felt. It so grows on one that the traveler feels an irresistible attraction to make daily visits to this marvelous picture. A guardian remains in the room constantly and the temperature is carefully kept at the same degree all the year. The canvas is heavily framed in gold, and hangs alone above a golden altar, no other painting being in the room to distract one's concentrated attention from this one masterpiece.

On leaving the Sistine Madonna, we stopped to admire Carlo Dolce's beautiful "St. Cecilia seated at the organ, and the fine Correggios. Especially the "Adoration of the Shepherds," the far famed "La Notte," his great masterpiece of chiaroscuro, which is ranked as one of the twelve great world paintings. Near by are the two exquisite "Reading Magdalens;" Bottini's with the clear blue robe, the flowing blonde hair, the dark, rocky background, a bit of blue sky showing in the distance. That of Correggio's is much smaller, more sombre in tone and not so striking, but more thoughtful and poetical. Nowhere can be seen such an extensive collection of the large masterpieces of Veronese; the "Marriage at Cana," and "Adoration of the Magi" pleasing as the most. Amongst the Titians, that admirably executed picture, "The Tribute Money," was our favorite. The marvelously delineated traits of the two contrasting faces, and above all the character expressed in the hands, always called forth admiration.

Rembrandt Van Ryn is represented by several of his finest productions, amongst them the finely colored, characteristic painting, "Manoah's Sacrifice," and the portrait of himself, with his wife Saskia on his knee. Here are seen also the portrait of an "Old Man," and "An Old Woman Weighing Gold," both full of that mellow, warm light which makes Rembrandt so famous.

Van Dyck and Rubens present two strongly conceived and boldly executed "St. Jerome's," that of Van Dyck surpassing his master's in picturesqueness. Amongst the many examples of Rubens' art, the "Boar Hunt" impresses one very strongly by its powerful and broad style. Scarcely one of the Dutch masters is absent from this gallery. Terburg, in his conversational pieces; Metsu, Adrian van Ostade, Van Der Werf and Meirix; Reysdahl with his fine landscapes, and Gerard Dow, are particularly well represented. After seeing the original of Kouinex "Old Man Reading a Book," and Gerard Dow's "Hermit," we took more interest than ever in these popular subjects for porcelain painting. Wouwerman is always omnipresent with his white horse and red coat, but his "Barnyard Scene" in the Dresden gallery is one of his happiest productions. Our favorite, "Old Ladies' Heads" were those by Nogari and Denner, who conscientiously and faithfully portray every wrinkle.

After looking at numerous other beautiful paintings by the old masters, we went up stairs to get a glimpse of more modern colors. We were charmed to see immediately, on ascending the stairs, the two familiar little blonde "Vogel Children," sitting on the floor playing as natural as life. Next to them is Angelica Kaufmann's "Vestal Virgin," and the beautiful head of "Mignon," with which we are all acquainted. The modern German school seems to have almost reached perfection, especially in Hofmann's "Christ in the Temple," which one can admire for hours. Aside from the marvelously conceived, strong and thoughtful faces, the beauty of the picture is heightened by the harmonious blending of colors. The pure, white robe of the glorious central figure of the Christ, is thrown into contrast by those of the doctors about him. One of them wears a mantle of the richest maroon velvet, another the most delicate pea green, while another is robed in a light brown, of reddish yellow tint. The figure on the left of Christ has on a scarf of dark green over a sombre robe, and back of him is an old man dressed in deep indigo blue lines. Defregger, who paints such powerful and dramatic pictures, has some very beautiful canvases here; among them we will always remember his "Alpine Girl," and the "Hunter's Farewell." It is with the deepest regret that the visitor turns away from the Dresden picture gallery and this interesting part of the city. For here near the Elbe are situated, one near the other, the Zwinger Palace, theatre and the church, where fine music is to be heard every Sunday. But the walk up Pragerstrasse is made almost as great a trial by the constant struggle between conscience and purse. It is so hard to resist entering all the enticing porcelain shops which display such remarkably beautiful, fine copies of the favorite pictures in this gem of an art collection.

We made several excursions from the city, going up the river to Pillnitz, to see the royal summer palace and gardens, and to the Bastei, the finest point in Saxon Switzerland. For this latter trip we happened to choose the hottest day of the whole summer, the midday sun fairly heating down on our poor heads as we walked to the station. After silently suffering and enduring the heat in a stuffy old railroad train, we found ourselves on the banks of the Elbe, opposite beautiful towering, basaltic cliffs, rising 605 feet precipitously from the water's edge. Walking down to the river, we got into an ancient looking flat-boat, guided by a ferryman, who wore flapping wooden slippers. He poled awhile and then we began to go in a most mysterious manner. The ferry was fastened by a wire rope to a buoy amid stream, and this with the current got us over somehow. We struck such a delightful breeze that we felt inclined to abide with the ferryman, but only too soon we were put off on the opposite shore, where men stood with horses ready to take people up the Bastei. Five of our party condescendingly accepted their assistance; the rest of us, wishing to exhibit our athletic powers, set out on foot. We passed a group of quaint little cottages whose roofs have windows resembling human eyes. We walked along by the side of a murmuring brook and then our climb began. The mounted party passed us and went up out of sight, while we toiled on and on, getting hotter and hotter. First, one dropped; then another; still no one gave up. The first ray of comfort reflected upon our faces was from the sight of a mountain-side stand where we could buy that wonderfully concocted European soda water. Then the path grew steeper, but more shaded, great walls of rock arose on either side, in which steps have been hewn to make the ascent easier. We passed huge boulders covered with moss and ivy; little caves and narrow clefts adorned with pink heather, blue bells and hanging ferns. The views of the deep green-clad gorges and tormented rocks grew more and more beautiful as we went on.

The time came, however, when some of us could appreciate no longer, but were possessed by one idea: *to get to the top of that Bastei and sit down.* We emerged at last upon the massive, fine stone bridge which connects by seven stately arches the basalt pinnacles which rise perpendicularly from the valley below. We began to catch strains of music which floated down from the hotel on the summit, giving us courage to make one final effort.

A few moments more and we had climbed a thousand or so stone steps and had reached the hotel with its surrounding beer tables. We sank down at one of these, drank whatever we could get—seltzer or "citron Wasser mit Eis und Zucker." After vigorously fanning ourselves to lower the tone of the exaggerated color in our faces, we found voices to inquire after each other's health, and above all, *temperers.* We soon began to feel better, however, and started to look at the extensive and magnificent views. The telescope man had not forgotten the Bastei; so wishing to leave nothing undone, we climbed to the top of the observatory and patronized his glass. Below was the silvery winding Elbe; white abrupt masses of rock, resembling gigantic castles, surrounded us on all sides. One of the finest points is the Ferdinandstein, an isolated pinnacle from which there is a wide view of the bridge and grand, pine-clad gorges. Some of the girls after seeing all the sights went back immediately to the city. The athletes remained to view the glorious sunset and to return in the cool twilight, trying to convince the others afterwards that they had missed the best part of the day's trip.

We felt that a visit to Dresden would be incomplete without seeing how porcelain was made, so we went to Meissen, where the establishment is very large. The guide led us out of the tempting show rooms into the firing department, exhibiting to us the great brick ovens filled with terra-cotta circles in which are placed the delicate china cups and dishes. The first firing lasts two days; after that the decorating is begun, which requires many different firings. No machinery is used in the building; everything is done by hand and the most interesting part of all, is to watch the man at the potter's wheel. He places a piece of the material composed of feldspar and Meissen clay on the stand before him, and sets the great wheel in motion with his foot. With a few deft touches of his fingers the shapeless, revolving mass magically turns into the form of a cup or vase. Moulds are used for the plates and various parts of the ornaments. The different parts of the human figure, flowers and animals, are first made in moulds, then put together by the skillful employes. The most wonderful thing to us was the perfection of the bisque statuettes, the delicacy of the lace veils, embroideries, and details of the costumes. The temperature and moisture must always be the same degree in the rooms where these artistic pieces are made, in order that the clay will become neither too dry nor too soft for handling and modeling. The painting and decorating is done by artists who work with the greatest talent and care, producing the beautiful porcelains which the whole world admires. After watching the whole process of making this exquisite Dresden ware, we complained no longer of the exorbitant prices, but thought it worth double its market value.

We shall always have the fondest memories of the lovely city of Dresden, which is so full of attractions. We wanted to prolong our stay for many days, but our second moon was already waning.

Sleeping cars are luxuries hard to find in Europe, and the night's ride to Nuremberg was one of the experiences which are more fun to talk about than to live through. We sat up until four in the morning whiling some of the time away by playing whist on top of the "Feldher's" best bonnet box, struggling to make up our minds that we were "Oh! so comfortable." Finally when all of the historical "buns" had disappeared and the charms of whist had vanished, we placed ourselves in as uncomfortable positions as possible and tried to sleep and be miserable. Those who did witness by a peculiar sound that fatigue had overcome them were cruelly awakened by envious companions, whose musical ears were offended by the inharmonious duets. We arrived at the old mediaeval town and retired at daybreak, feeling as ancient and in a condition as picturesque as the city of Nuremberg itself.

A Word with Pauline.

LILY SHERMAN RICE, '78-'79.

So you don't want to argue about it, Pauline? Then what *do* you want to do? Give up your way without arguing and let the rest of us have ours? No! I thought not. Then we are to give up our way without arguing, and let you have yours, is that it?

I've heard you make that remark before, Pauline, several times, in fact. When there was so much excitement last summer about the cost of your class dinner, you "didn't want to argue." But all the boys and girls knew which caterer you preferred, and understood perfectly that you wouldn't be likely to shed much sunshine on the feast, unless he spread it. This fall you "didn't want to argue" about sending the proceeds of the Mission Circle entertainment to the Indian Association, but everybody felt sure you would have hesitated twice as much for the tableaux if the money had been going to that colored Sunday school you favored.

I don't mean to be unjust to you, Pauline. But I can't help thinking you make this pet remark of yours with rather a give-thanks-three-times-a-day-that-I-am-not-as-other-girls-are air. You seem to suppose you display great charity and patience and forbearance, and I don't know what other virtues, by this not "arguing." Now I think you're displaying nothing but selfishness and pride. You're expecting us to be influenced by your own personal tastes, feelings, prejudices, preferences, whatever you choose to call them, without knowing whether they're reasonable or not. You're expecting us to do as you, Pauline, say, simply because you, Pauline, say it. And if we don't, you'll punish us, not with your fists, because you're not a boy, but with your frowns.

I wonder what you think arguing is, Pauline. It isn't quarreling. It isn't calling hard names. It isn't making hateful insinuations. It is simply stating the grounds of your opinion, so that other people may compare theirs with it, and decide which is best. It's trying to settle things by judgment, like civilized human beings, instead of by force, like beasts and savages. It's following the teaching of the apostle who urges us all to be able to "give a reason" for the hope that is in us.

Have you ever thought what company you're in, Pauline, when you make this boast of not arguing? The Czar of Russia doesn't argue. He simply starts a convoy to Siberia. The Turkish Sultan doesn't need arguments. He uses the court executioner instead. Why, you aren't fit to be a citizen of a free country, Pauline, with your shut lips and your sulks. You belong way back in the sixteenth century with the Spanish Inquisition. You're a little relic of the Dark Ages.

Do give up this habit, Pauline. You have to live your life among your fellows. Your usefulness depends greatly on your being able to get on comfortably with them. You must learn to say not only what you think, but why you think it, and to say it courteously and fairly and plainly. And when you try to put your thoughts into words and to speak the words before other people, I suspect you will find a great many of them not nearly so important as you supposed. So you will come to have not only more influence but more wisdom.—The Well Spring.

Inter-Collegiate News.

In recent numbers of the *Pennsylvanian*, we notice a beautiful Christmas symphony, "A Man Has Been Born," and an interesting lecture on "Old London," by Mr. Furness, the Shakespearean scholar.

We are glad to receive the *University Magazine* from North Carolina among our exchanges.

The largest university in the world is Rudolph Albrecht's at Vienna. It has 5,222 students and 285 professors.—*Ex.*

It costs \$142,000 a year to run Michigan University, \$100,000 of which is paid to the professors.

James Russell Lowell of Harvard, has been elected President of the Modern Language Association of America.

The Bible study of the undergraduates of Vassar College, has this year been placed under the direction of Dr. W. R. Harper, of Yale College. On alternate Sunday mornings, Dr. Harper lectures to the students on "The Prophetic Element in the Old Testament," meeting the Bible-class teachers in the afternoon to discuss the work to be accomplished on intervening Sundays. This work is to be an enlargement of certain topics touched in his own lectures. Much interest and profit is recognized as resulting from this method of work.

Secretary Whitney has placed a bill before Congress appropriating \$50,000 to aid in the preparation of charts of the sky. This work is at present being carried on by the observatories connected with the universities.

The turbulent Freshman class at an Ohio college received several accessions after the holiday vacation. When the college assembled at prayers for the first time, the good president opened to the third Psalm and read, "Lord, how they increased that trouble me."

THE COURANT.

COLLEGE EDITION.

Terms for the College Year, - - - \$1.80.

Editors.

KATHARINE LEE BATES, '80, EDITH SOUTHER TUFTS, '84,
ARBE CARTER GOODLOE, '80, LOUISE BRADFORD SWIFT, '90,
ALICE A. STEVENS, '91.

Editorial Contributors.

PROF. ELLEN A. HAYES, MARION A. ELY, '88,
ANGIE PECK, '90.

Publisher.

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Yearly subscriptions for the COURANT may be sent to Miss Tufts at Dana Hall
Wellesley. Special copies may be procured of Miss Goodloe, Room 18, Wellesley College.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot?"

Miss Laura Allen, student at Wellesley '84-'85, is teaching in the
High school at Great Falls, N. H.

Miss Florence Bigelow, '84, is teaching in the High school at Chelsea,
Mass.

Miss Mary Danforth, student at Wellesley '80-'82, is a stenographer
in Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Mary Gillette, student at Wellesley '83-'85, is teaching at Com-
stock's Bridge, Ct.

Miss Lora W. Lane, student at Wellesley, is teaching in the Robinson
Seminary, Exeter, N. H.

Miss Cora Stickney, '80, is teaching in Rochester, N. Y.

Miss May Roberts, student at Wellesley '80-'82, is teaching Mathe-
matics in the Normal school at River Falls, Wis.

Mrs. Belle Lamar Stockbridge has recently spent a few hours at
Wellesley. Mrs. Stockbridge has returned this fall from Japan where her
husband has held a position for the past three years in the Agricultural
College established by the Japanese government at Sapporo. Mr. Stock-
bridge has accepted a professorship at Lafayette, Indiana.

Born.

In Louisville, Ky., Nov. 11, 1888, William Cochrane, son of Mrs. Alice Dudley Mc-
Dowell, student at Wellesley College '80-'82.

Married.

SLATER-SEARLES.—In Rome, N. Y., January 16, Irene Searles, student at Wellesley '81-'82 to
Clarkson H. Slater. Mr. and Mrs. Slater will reside at 283 Communipaw Ave., Jersey City, N. Y.
DAVIS-DENKMAN.—In Rock Island, Ill., Jan. 17, Louise Denkman, '82, to Thomas Boole
Davis. Mr. and Mrs. Davis will be "at home" in Rock Island Thursday in March.

The Wide, Wide World.

January 15.—The Parnell Committee resumes its sitting.—The steamer
Phyapetok sunk and 40 lives lost.—The new Panama Canal Company
begins the work of organization.—Dr. Kruss of Munich succeeds in
decomposing cobalt and nickel.

January 16.—People at a German missionary station on the East African
coast captured and sold into slavery.—Reported discovery of a plot to
blow up a British steamer in New York harbor.—The Parnell Com-
mission lets off Editor O'Brien with a mild reprimand.—A letter from
Henry M. Stanley announces that all was well with him August 17th.

January 17.—Steamers Vandula and Mohican ordered to Samoa.—Re-
port that the hunting of negroes and burning of their cabins continues
in Kemper Co., Miss.

January 18.—Slight shocks of earthquake in Scotland.—Over 100 per-
sons entombed by a colliery explosion in England.—Bankruptcy Bill
passes the French Senate allowing the reorganization of the Panama
Canal Company.—Apparent attempt of a Haytian gunboat to run
down and sink the steamer Haytian Republic.

January 19.—Gladstonian victory in Goyan and rejoicings of the English
Liberals.—A new cable to be laid between Contracoalcoas, Mexico,
and Galveston, Texas.—The East African bill providing for the pro-
tection of German interests and combating the slave trade submitted to
the German Bundesrath.

January 21.—Election campaign riot at Paris.—Another Irish member of
the British Parliament arrested.

January 22.—Prospectus of the new Panama Canal Company issued.—
Earthquake at Smyrna.—Mr. Phelps has a conference with Lord Sal-
isbury on Samoan affairs.—The Arabs of the Zanzibar coast demand
the evacuation of the Germans as the first condition of the release of
the captured missionaries.—Another fall of rock at Niagara Falls.—
Annual convention of the National Woman's Suffrage Association in
session at Washington.

January 23.—The abdication of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria expected.
—The Mahdi's army seeking the conquest of Egypt reported 35,000
strong.—Proposed appropriation for the protection of American inter-
ests in Samoa.—The Senate tariff bill passed.

Dulce Est Desipere In Loco.

During the Semi-Annals, when the student realizes clearly that a
little learning is a dangerous thing, she may be interested to hear why
Harvard holds so great an amount of it;—"Because each Freshman brings
in a little knowledge and no Senior carries any out."

Among the responses to the invitations for the recent fagot party, was
the invitations poetically inscribed on strips of paper wound about small
twigs, was the following "little jingle writ on a shingle"—

To Miss Knox,

Waban Box:

This is a stickler. Fain would I come,
But what can an *Odd Stick* do,
With no *chipper* lad to see her home
To her lonely Avenue?

(By two Fellow Boarders.)

We regret that we're unable
To add to hers, our thanks,
But in your platform we observe
The absence of two planks.

Convicted of Slang! A Wellesley Professor, especially elegant in
her choice of language, was buying a pair of shoes. The clerk had the
stupidity to try to fit a number six shoe to the dainty number three foot.

Professor: "Why! This shoe is immense!"
Clerk, approvingly: "You're right, Madam. It is immense. It is the
swellest thing we have in stock."

The following effusion by a certain Freshman was called out by a re-
quired paper on Tullia.

Two things conspire to summon the Muse,
In heart and brain strange thoughts infuse,
The woe of a maid of ancient day
The woe of a maid *hoc tempore*.

Apocryph of the mantel bed, we learn that two of our Juniors were so
much dismayed by a mouse in their bedroom one night last year, that they
slept in steamer chairs in their study and barricaded the intervening door
with table and other furniture. Fact.

Freeman's little Rosy made a joke.
We'll tell it, though no fun we mean to poke
At Rosy,
Who, saying that by Maurice their *manual* work was done,
Brought honor on herself, and poked the fun
At Maurice.

Inter-Collegiate News.

Forty-four freshmen at Cornell were dropped at the end of last term,
having failed to reach the required standard. This is a noticeably small
number as compared with other years.

Cardinal Gibbons announces that over \$8,000,000 have been collected
for the new Catholic university at Washington. Several buildings are in
process of erection. The cardinal and the American bishops have re-
quested the concession of academic privilege to the university from the
Pope and have asked his approval of its statutes.

At the recent meeting of the Inter-Collegiate Alumnae Association,
Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer was elected vice-president.

Out Of Style.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

An old and respectable Ostrich
Was seized with a wish to work cross-stitch—
"I could cover my eggs
And ridiculous legs
With rugs and with mats," said the Ostrich.

So she went to a friendly red Heifer,
And purchased some needles and zephyr,
Some canvas and crash,
And some burlap, for cash,
"For I don't sell on trust," said Miss Heifer.

But when, casually, the old Ostrich
Remarked that she meant to work cross-stitch.
Miss Red-Heifer's smile
Made her feel that her style
Was obsolete,—e'en for an Ostrich.

Said Miss Heifer, "My dear Mrs. Ostrich
Art-embroidery now is the 'boss' stitch,—
If you'll pardon the slang,—
And it gives me a pang
To hear that you mean to work cross-stitch.

"My customers all follow Fashion,
"Why," here she flew into a passion,—
"My position is gone,
Yes, for good, with the *ton*.
If they hear you've worked cross-stitch my crash on!"

Do you fancy this settled the Ostrich?
No! she'd made up her mind to work cross-stitch;
So she picked up her zephyr,
And said, "Madame Heifer,
I may be an old-fashioned Ostrich.

"And I may not know how to work banners,
But I have been instructed in manners;
I will wish you good-day,
But first let me say—
(You might work it on some of your banners.)

"There is something still older than cross-stitch"—
And you should have seen the fine frost which
She put in her manner—
"Tis worthy a banner—
It is courtesy, ma'am," said the Ostrich.

—From "The Dead Doll and other Poems."

A member of the Faculty desires to express herself as greatly pleased
with the work of Mr. Leslie Millar, the optician, whose advertisement
may be found in another column. His place of business is convenient
and the accommodations are excellent; one avoids all the hurry and bustle
of the shop. Mr. Leslie Millar has been in the business for twenty years
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West and South—6:00, 7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 4:30 P. M.
Western Mass.—8:45, 9:15 A. M.; 4:30, 5:40, 6:30 P. M.
Northern Div. O. C. R. R. and Vermont—7:30 A. M.
Southern Div. O. C. R. R.—8:45 P. M.
South Natick—8:00 A. M.; 4:30 P. M.
College—8:00, 11:00 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.
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